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ENGLISH RULE IN INDIA.

THERE is a string of phrases about the English occupation of India which the genius of the English people has stereotyped into a cant. Security from foreign aggression, domestic peace, suppression of dangerous rites, protection for women and children, equality of all classes before the law, diffused education and extended commerce, railways and public works, and other benefits of the undefined entity called "civilization," introduced by a "superior" to an "inferior" race (whatever those words may mean); these are said to be the many blessings of English rule in that country. It is taken for granted in a general way that Englishmen saved India from anarchy and ruin, and gave her order and the beginnings of civilized life. A great many good people, on both sides of the Atlantic, who get their knowledge from the usual sources, honestly believe that she is very much better off with her present rule than she otherwise would be.

But the truth is this : India has given to England wealth and fame ; England has brought upon India penury and shame. Instead of being a means of civilization, English rule in India is almost an excuse to keep up barbarism in the nineteenth century. It is an attempt, by a certain class of Englishmen, to repeat in the East the regretted days of the "Conqueror" in England, when every native was a "villain" and all rights belonged to those who "came over." Instead of raising, it is degrading the people. The goods coming from it are at present remote and negative, while its immediate effects have been simply disastrous. The fiction of "England's mission" and "India's progress" is kept up by the agents of three interested industries—the military, mercantile, and missionary—aided by the co-operative journalism, in behalf of privilege and power, in which the modern Muse so sadly prostitutes herself. Distance and difference of language increase the difficulty of Indian thought and feeling on the question being

known to the Western public. If I mistake not, this is the first time that, through the courtesy of the editor of this REVIEW, a native of India gives his version of her story in a publication of standing. Fully alive to the responsibility of my task, I will try to be as calm in my narrative as the case will permit, though I must preface it by saying that, should England continue in her treatment of India the self-satisfied cynicism which is at present her wont, the history of the English in India, no matter how Englishmen tell it, can be written on the native side, as it has heretofore been, only in blood.

Never within the records of history have there been such widespread poverty and misery in India as her unfortunate people have had to bear since the planting of the English flag. Every walk of life has been gradually usurped by a grasping monopoly whose boast is that they are not of the people. The children of the soil are to-day, virtually, serfs, working away their lives for a scanty board. Free imports, which have enriched English capitalists, have killed the manufacturers of the country, maimed its industry, and made its trade pass into foreign hands, and the people have to look to Europe for the merest necessities of life. As if this was not enough to keep down the wealth of the country, it is further exhausted by an increasing annual drain, now over £40,000,000, in the shape of exports, for which there are no corresponding imports. This amount, equal to a sum higher than half the gross State revenues, represents interests on foreign debt and on foreign capital invested in India, pensions and salaries to Englishmen in Europe, the ever-increasing deficit of the government made good, and part of the savings of foreigners remitted in this form, all of which items are constantly forcing away larger and larger amounts of the very food from a starving people. Thus the formation of capital and a moneyed class by native industry is simply impossible, and there is being rapidly attained that dead level of poverty of a whole people which the Socialists of the West believe to be the immediate prelude to the dawn of the new day. Any signs of life in the country can be seen now in the seaports and a few centers of government alone, but the interior everywhere presents only ruins and destitution. The ruined industries have thrown increasing numbers upon an impoverished soil, only to struggle until nature fails, when they lay themselves down to die. Forty millions of the peasantry, or fully one-fifth of the subjects

of the "Empress of India," are, on the telling of the official statistician, in a state of chronic starvation. To these even one meal of coarse grain in a day is a precarious luxury. The extravagance of the Government, its indifference to the needs and sufferings of the people and its oppressive taxes, have induced famine after famine, at the rate of one in every five or six years. Ten millions, by the official returns, have died of acute famine in the last twenty-five years, but in reality twice the figure would not very much overstate the fact. The national debt has steadily increased, is now near £250,000,000, while fully eighty per cent. of the people are more or less in the hands of the money-lender. Every means of raising money has been tried : free-trade England preaching to all the world untaxed bread as the first necessity of civilization, taxes India's native salt from 1,500 to 2,000 per cent. on its cost value ; Christian England, sending missionaries to every corner of the globe, is compelled to eke out her Indian revenues by utilizing the opium habit of China ; yet the average annual deficit of the Indian Government has for the last seventy years amounted to £1,000,000. But there is now a plan on hand to add another two millions sterling to the military expenditure of the country, and "otherwise increase the efficiency of the services," in view of prospective war with Russia. It is superfluous to say that all the high-paid offices are almost exclusively filled by Englishmen, to whom India is at best but a luxurious exile. Free imports, forced exports, and official extravagance are to India the three brass balls one sees over certain establishments in Western cities—the symbols of hunger, misery, and despair. India is in pawn, and her people on the verge of bankruptcy.*

* The increase in the exports and imports of India is exhibited as a mark of prosperity by some of those economic sciolists who imagine that figures can feed and tables can clothe. But from her peculiar position India loses by both her exports and imports. This will be seen roughly as follows : In 1883 the exports were worth £83,000,000 ; the imports, £63,000,000 (including bullion in each case). In other words, £20,000,000 worth of exports had no corresponding imports, but were lost in foreign countries, together with the *entire profit* on the whole of the exports. This profit is estimated to be at least £20,000,000, according to the rates at which Indian goods are delivered in the European markets ; so that at least £40,000,000 of the exports and profits of India represent nothing but the *yearly* drain to foreigners (on the items stated in the text) in part payment for the privilege of English rule. Nadir Shah, the foreign invader, who carried off the largest amount of spoils from India,

Nine-tenths of the people of India are to-day made up of her peasantry, perhaps the most industrious, the most teachable, the most thrifty, the most heroic peasantry on earth. But they say there is a just God, and the average Indian *ryot* is a mere pauper. He can just pay his cesses in a good year, and would fail altogether in a bad year but for the money-lender; and there is a bad season in some district or other every year. He lives on coarse rice or millet in the best of times. In bad times he is not sure in the morning if his family will have one meal during the day. He has then to borrow for seed at exorbitant interest, often work without cattle, and to use branches of trees when the plow is in pawn. Rent days send him again and again to the money-lender, until both his present property and future prospects are mortgaged. He is always in need, always in debt, and always liable to be oppressed by whoever has power over him, be it the tax-gatherer or the money-lender. His haggard features, his shriveled form, his bent stature mark him a luckless child of fate. When there is little chance of a harvest the money-lender closes his advances, and the farmer is thrown upon the mercy of barren nature. He ekes out an unmentionable living on weeds and unmarketable grains. (His meals now are often as fatal as starvation.) There are weeds that can be eaten by people in distress, but salt is indispensable to make them bearable. Salt, however, is a government monopoly and a costly luxury to the poor.

Thus fare nearly eighty per cent. of the people of British India.

This salt monopoly originated with Clive for the payment of

took only £32,000,000, once for all, a large part of it consisting of jewelry and plates. But the imports show another vital loss to India, namely, that so much money goes out to the foreigner which was formerly distributed among native artisans. Whatever the abstract merits of free trade in the minds of economic pedants, in the case of India, where the open lands are all crowded and well-nigh exhausted, and the Government lends no hand to settle a destitute and increasing peasantry on unreclaimed tracts, while there is no emigration, its effects can be but disastrous. The facts show it to be so, and the figures fail to conceal or alter the facts. Increased imports, instead of being a measure of increased consuming power, represent only the starvation of millions thrown upon lands hitherto considered worthless. Indeed, prices of necessities have in many cases doubled, while wages have remained stationary. The so-called cheap imports are paid for by forced exports, which in the end increase the prices of raw materials and make living dear. "Free" trade means to India simply *forced* extortion.

his army, mutinous for higher pay. Anti-Corn-Law England sells to the Indian peasant for from \$15 to \$20 the salt whose cost value is \$1. Next to water, salt is a necessity of Indian diet. The poor need it more than the well-to-do. There was great smuggling at one time, and extra precautions are now used. Many used to make "earth salt" by washing the earth with salt found lying on the surface, and to boil their food in the liquid. For this they were punished. They went out of bed at night to lick it in the dark, and orders were issued that the police should collect and destroy all salt found above ground rather than that the law should be violated or the sacred rights of monopoly infringed! Privation in salt has produced a disease akin to leprosy in thousands of men and cattle. Agriculture has suffered, as well as arts like bleaching, glazing, glass-making, extraction of ores, the salting of provisions, and curing of fish, on account of this salt duty. Such is an instance of the "clock-work" system of the Government of India over which the whole Anglo-Saxon world now and then clap their sides in great self-congratulation. Satan in chains, brooding vengeance in hell, could not have concocted a scheme more effective to spread disaster and confusion among God's innocents.

"How does it compare with native rule?" is a very common and pertinent question. Very unfavorably, indeed. Even in the existing native States, which have suffered from commercial competition, because they dare not levy imposts, the peasantry are not in debt, nor do they suffer from frequent famines. The reason is that in India the landlord has always been the best possible one, namely, the State; but the English Government has stepped in as a private corporation and absentee rack-renter, doing no duties toward its tenants, and extorting more than its rights. Its sole aim is to get up a revenue with the least possible thought spent upon it. Fallow and cultivated lands are charged the same in English territories, the result being exhaustion of the soil from want of rest, while the native rule is to assess fallow land only one-eighth of the cultivated. The English Government, unlike the native, further checks improvement by taxing wells sunk at the personal cost of the cultivator. Its assessment is based on the tenant's produce in a good year, of which it appropriates, on an average, forty per cent., puts its value in cash, fixes regulation times for collecting, and leaves the machine to do the rest. The result is that, often compelled to find cash before his harvest is in, the

same amount in bad seasons as in good, the luckiest farmer must resort to the money-lender nine times out of ten. Native rulers take payment in kind, of from a fourth to a third of the produce of *the year*, according as it is good or bad ; they make postponements, and even partial or total remissions in bad times, while the arrears of rent are allowed to stand without interest, thus saving the peasantry from the two great curses of usury and ruinous civil suits. Pasture land is free in native India, but English India has a Forest Department and Forest Laws, which have increased the value of grass and wood the same way as that of salt, so that the cattle are deteriorating, and manure and fuel are scarce. Of local cesses there are few in the native territories, but a good many in the English. Lastly, the worst native tyrant could be beseeched, cajoled, frightened ; but there is no appeal to the tyranny of a corporate machine.*

The pretense that native anarchy and misrule made the “ conquest ” of India by the English not merely a blessing, but a necessity, is false. It was the English themselves, who, by their artifices, prolonged and aggravated the native anarchy which they offer as an excuse for their own misrule. More than once foreign conquerors or native chiefs have suppressed anarchy in India, and established their power in the confidence and affection of the people, in the course of a very short time,—but the English rule is not established yet, because Englishmen never conquered India either by arms or by sentiment. Their achievements can be written in three words, used consecutively by one of their own poets—treason, strategem, and spoils. All the talking classes of English-

* Englishmen have dilated a little too much on one period of anarchy in the history of India, in bringing about which they had as much to do as any one else. But, at the worst, the capricious cruelty of any native tyrant sinks into insignificance beside the organized and gigantic oppression of the English. It is truer now than even in the days of Clive and Hastings that the little finger of the Anglo-Saxon is thicker than the loins of a Surajah-ud-dowlah or a King Theebaw. Bengal was taken possession of by the English in 1757, and in 1760 *one-third* of its people were carried off by a famine resulting from the monopoly established on rice. The last great famine in India (1877), in which the mortality was over 5,000,000, followed in the track of the hunt after the “ scientific frontier.” This “ land of plenty,” whose prosperity tempted the avarice of successive conquerors from Semiramis to Tamerlane, is now, after a little more than a century of English rule, a mere blotch on the face of the earth, where, from one end to the other, a wretched nation writes in tears the story of England’s “ prestige ” in the book of shame.

men, however, have kept up a continual slander on the character of the Indian people, whose greatest fault was in being overreached by their Christian brethren. Calumny is the homage that wrong bears to right. With the ruling classes of England morality is but the art of securing success and appearing "respectable:" thus, with great indignation they punished Editor Stead for shocking their flaunted virtue by disclosing their concealed vice.

The power that first checked the tide of invasion from the North-west was that of the Sikhs, of the Punjab, who brought the restless Afghans more completely to terms than England has ever succeeded in doing. Since the fall of that power the warlike tribes of Central Asia have been too much engaged in self-defense against Russian advance to think of any aggression on their own account, while the Afghans have been distracted by domestic quarrels. After Nadir Shah, Russia is the first power that has meditated an invasion of India, and if England succeeds in warding it off, it will be because she will have the vigorous backing of the whole Indian people, who have begun to have a co-operative will of their own, and understand very well that a Russian usurpation at this time would rob them of the only treasure they have left—hope.

If the English connection has been the means of removing a few social evils which grew, here and there, during a period of suspended vitality and temporary disorganization of the Indian nation, it has demoralized them wholesale, paralyzed their resources, reduced them to helplessness, tied them round with the red tape of a galling officialism, and flung them into the dungeon of pauperism, to be constantly jeered and insulted by their unsympathetic jailers. The process of healing a sore or extracting a tumor by killing the patient is bad surgery. To try to correct social evils by imposing political helplessness is exploded philosophy. The United States would not act wisely to place herself under the English crown in order to overcome the Mormon difficulty. Japan is learning "civilization" without paying a greedy foreign pedagogue. *Suttee* burning and self-immolation of devotees were never extensive practices in India, and attained their greatest limits during the early days of English rule, when the old authorities of the people had lost power, and the new rulers were too busy in removing the good things out of the country to give thought to its internal condition. *Thuggee* was born under the English régime. *Mahratta dacoity*—

the *Burgee*—arose in a spirit of rivalry to English spoliation, and was beneficial in so far as it retarded the outflow of a few flocks of gold. But this cant about England's "mission" in India is an after-thought only. Clive and Hastings would have laughed at it.

The goods from English rule to India may be summed up in one word—Education; not the education through books and schools alone; but the education of circumstances, and, above all, the lesson of adversity, that best teacher of nations as of individuals. The contact with the living energy of the modern West has given the people the consciousness of a new life. Its bold science, its protean art and its buoyant aspirations of freedom and democracy have, for the first time in many centuries, aroused in them a keen desire to live, while they have seen the glimpse of a new world, not of vanities and illusions. At the same time, the shock produced by the concentrated miseries of a system of centralized selfishness have rudely awakened them to the hard reality of existence, quickened their sympathies and brought their imagination once more into play. It has made a bond of common suffering among all sections and classes of the people, which, aided by the new means of intercourse, the railway and the press, is fast breaking down the barriers of province and caste, and there are already signs that they are beginning slowly, but in right earnest, to cultivate the last art of human life—the art of organization.

Book education, railways, civilization, a new life, and even a religious awakening, are not goods in themselves. To India, particularly, they have hitherto given nothing but a hope. The direct effects of each are evil. Indian railways to-day represent profits on foreign capital—often first made in India—native exhaustion, and the rule of militaryism. Many of them were built in order to facilitate the movement of troops. They have exported thousands of tons of grain from centers of starvation to centers of a trumped-up war. The loss to the State on guaranteed railways in 1884 was £589,730; the total loss in the twenty-five years ending therein was £22,416,370. Education has made those who are receiving it keenly alive to the miseries and indignities of their condition; open to insults from the ruling race by making them talk of "rights;" unhappy at having no other vent but sedition for their newly-awakened powers; while it haunts them with the sensation of one who discovers he has made a fool of himself. Of a new civilization we have got only the dregs; of a new religion, only an insufferable

cant, and from the imported new life we have received only kicks.

Indeed, the moral discontent of the thinking, which has kept pace with the physical suffering of the masses, is the other painful feature in the life of modern India. It has affected not only those who are receiving English education, but all those who come within their influence. The generation known as "Young India," the product of English schools, is a particularly unfortunate race. The allaying of their moral hunger is as much a problem for the Indian Empire as feeding its peasantry. They represent a social anarchy, and conceal, under their incoherent utterances, a deep discontent of mind that will shape the future of India more powerfully than all the mock policies and parchment measures of the dull ruffians who, under the name of "statesmen," misrule the affairs of that country. Violently torn from the past, they awake to feel more keenly than ever that the only thing real in life is pain. Their "paternal" government is to them a veritable stepfather, a Murdstone to David Copperfield. While their widowed mother country is undergoing "civilization" they have been thrown adrift upon an unkind world, labeled, even as was young Copperfield, "This is a worthless generation of vipers." Let no one wonder if, one of these days, they inflict a terrible bite upon the paternal hand. They have nothing to lose in this world; no, not even a good name. They attempt only to meet with repression; they aspire only to be snubbed. By a cruel fate they find themselves the veriest stepchildren of Mother Earth, with a present that is lost, a future mortgaged; with no place in this world, while the Gospel of an Asiatic seer, as interpreted by English tyrants, tells them that the gates of heaven are also closed against them.

England claims to have suppressed infanticide in India, but she is trying to smother the awakening life of her people in its bud. She has fixed the limits beyond which the country shall not grow; she has drawn the line beyond which the native shall not pass. The people have, of course, been deprived of arms. All their old methods of self-government have been strangled by red tape, and they are studiously excluded from the new. It would be a miracle if they should ever thus evolve into a self-ruling nation. Free-trade England believes in open foreign markets for English enterprise, but she has a high tariff against Indians entering the

public services of their own country. It is answered, whenever they demand their rights as English subjects, that India is not England, and that the Indian people are yet "in the infancy of civilization." But India is England for English free trade, for English capitalism, for English red tape, for English law courts. In the United States the chattel slave of yesterday, imported from a barbarous country, is to-day the possessor of equal rights with the highest of men, which he uses with as much good to the State as any other class of citizens—a standing testimony against the hypocritical philosophy of waiting indefinitely to give the masses their powers "until they are fitted," as if there was any other way of learning the use of privileges than by familiarity with them. But England will not elevate the Indian without making him pass through the "infancy of civilization." And, like policy, like result, for, as a matter of fact, native talent, whether in statesmanship or the arts, is found, now, only in the native States. A blight seems to have fallen upon the mind as well as the body of the unhappy people who have come within the shadow of the Anglo-Saxon. Yet England must have a mission. This story of "England's mission in India" would form the bulkiest chapter in Carlyle's "Statistics of Imposture." It is the very culmination of the hypocrisy of modern times.

And who are the gods manufactured to rule over us? Lads plucked from school, spoiled by the "cram" of a competitive pass, and demoralized forever by a false success in early life. It is no exaggeration to say that the English school-boy is a young savage. Compulsory Greek keeps him from study and hazing becomes his amusement. At an age when liberal studies should begin to expand his mind and social restraints should curb his egotism and form the heart, he is at once placed as a ruler over millions of men. Puffed up by fulsome eulogies of the prestige of his traditions and the greatness of his destiny, he begins to stalk with the air of a Cæsar or a Napoleon, and can think only in the strain of *Veni, vidi, vici*. Comparing himself with the meanest and worst types of natives, with whom alone he comes in intimate contact, he fancies himself a veritable god. Restrained in education, with irresponsible license, he remains narrow in culture and his expression assumes a vapid dogmatism. Fully evolved, he is a curious compound of an overgrown school-boy, an irresponsible savage, and a cynical philosopher.

It is a mistake to suppose that the *personale* of the Indian Government has at all improved since it was transferred to the Crown. There was a certain straightforwardness about the knavery of the "honorable gentlemen" of John Company which put people on their guard, and was never so dangerous as the cultivated conceit and machine-made hypocrisy of a close corporation of half-educated competition-wallahs. The best of governors-general is powerless against their combination, as was seen recently in the case of the Marquis of Ripon. *L'état c'est moi* is more literally an article of faith with them than ever Louis XIV. dreamed of making it.

But there are other Englishmen in India beside those in the services. The majority of them, however, official or non-official, come from that lower middle class, peculiar to England, which has furnished Dickens with all his mean characters, from Pecksniff to Uriah Heep. Constantly ground between the millstones of the upper and the working classes, they have neither the independence of the one nor the dignity of the other. Accustomed to look up to their "betters," they are the worst of bullies to inferiors. They avenge by crushing others abroad the risk they have escaped of being crushed at home.

I am now brought face to face with the saddest part of my wretched tale. In the most exclusive country of Asia no foreigner is treated to such wanton cruelties and consistent insults as the native in India by his alien rulers. This is the most striking iniquity of the English domination, and a very mirror of its character. It needs no power of prophecy to say that this grievance will be at least the proximate cause of the next serious trouble in India. It is something whose nature no sophistry can disguise, no hypocrisy can smooth. Even the inexhaustible supply of English cant must at this point flow in vain.

It is said that the Indian of to-day lives on scanty meals and plenty of heels. Whether it is in the red-tapeism of the public services, which are worked so as to keep down the national spirit; or whether it is in the ordinary intercourses of the business world, the street, the park, or the railway car, all classes of Englishmen make it a rule to keep the natives in systematic degradation. A native may be turned out of a car if an Englishman wants it; he may be insulted on the street upon the flimsiest excuse; it is risky for him to walk in the public parks kept up at his own cost. He dares not resent, for the slightest show of resistance is met with

physical violence, which may result in death, while the offender escapes with only a paltry fine. The highest punishment usually awarded to an Englishman for wantonly killing a native is six months' light imprisonment, with chances of remission on a memorial to the government from his brethren. Native judges have no jurisdiction over English criminals, except in the three cities of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, where they are but a small minority. So much for equality before the law. The Anglo-Indian ladies have not a little to do in keeping up this constant trouble. No wonder that the natives are so much prejudiced against them, seeing the hardening effects these Lady Macbeths have upon their husbands' hearts.

It is said by Anglo-Indians that the natives are used to insults, and are not so very sensitive, either. As a proof they point to the fact that Indians are often insulted by their own countrymen—the police constables and the servants of Englishmen. Simply recalling the fact that the Sepoy Mutiny was caused by supposed indignities which any English soldier would have swallowed down with a bottle of beer, I will give two extracts from a leading Anglo-Indian paper, which will show the truth about the case better than any words of mine. The “Times of India” (Bombay) wrote not long ago :

“Native gentlemen have *often* to endure rudeness when they call on Englishmen ; but they suffer it not from the white man, but from the servants—their own brethren. There are few things so difficult as to make a native servant pay proper respect to a native gentleman who calls.”

The same paper, in a subsequent issue, says :

“ We have no hesitation in saying that Englishmen in India, as a rule, show a far more intelligent interest in the well-being of their horses than the ordinary stay-at-home Britons ; the reason being that in England owners are usually obliged to trust to their grooms to manage their animals, while out here the *syce* (groom) never dares to usurp the functions of proprietorship.”

Yes, things are so arranged in Anglo-India that the servant of an Englishman, who dares not touch his master's horse or dog, may insult a native caller, no matter how high his social position, while the master chuckles behind him. What a confession from the rulers of an empire—the protectors of a country from foreign aggression—that they cannot protect their visitors from the insults of their menials ! Could hypocrisy go further ? From

the days of the factor of the East India Company to those of the modern constable, court-harpy, and money-lender, the policy of Englishmen in India has encouraged the most degraded native characters, and pampered the parasites and vultures who live upon the infamy of degenerate times.

But I must close. It is a tale of ruffianism, of sorrow, and of shame. Civilization has brought back to us, in the nineteenth century, the darkest days of human suffering. Wherever you go through the vast dominions of the "Empress of India" you see a population starved, luckless, cowed, crest-fallen, brooding thoughts of darkness or despair; while stalks hither and thither the Anglo-Saxon, riding over their breasts, spitting in their faces, spreading desolation and leaving a nightmare wherever he has passed. The peasant slowly stoops to pick the food that allays no hunger, wondering wearily if death is as bad as life, while the wounded ego of the awakened mind mournfully asks if indeed it is for a trumpery British "prestige" that it must put up with a condition in which life is one long suffering, and to be born a shame.

There is a half truth in England's boast that she is the mother of freedom. English liberty is a reaction against the English egotism which has made Englishmen the conquerors of nature and the oppressors of men. Freedom was born wherever England has been because the tyranny of English rulers is always the most unbearable. It is against this tyranny that Milton wrote and Hampden bled. It is for this tyranny that the Magna Charta was drawn and handed down from bleeding sire to son. It is against this tyranny that an English colony signed the Declaration of Independence in the blood of their own brothers of the cradle. It is because of this tyranny that Catholic Ireland has raised the broadest plank in the politics of the age, and in Africa was born an heir to Mohammed the First. And it is this tyranny that will, in India, make the mortified spirit of the old Hindu cry out from beneath the ashes of centuries, "Vandals, forbear! tread not upon us! we are the most inoffensive of men." For it is a tyranny that would make stones speak and the dead start up to life again.

Our quarrel is not with the English people, but with the Anglo-Indian conspiracy against the life of India. The body of the English people, her producing and useful classes, are as much the victims as ourselves of the organized selfishness and hypocrisy of the blustering dullards who disgrace the English name in every

corner of the globe and live on the robbery of half the world. Nor do we altogether despair of receiving justice from England, which, of all countries, has ever had a "remnant" of great and good men. The case of the Indian to-day is not a question of nationality or patriotism, but of humanity. Patriotism is but a lame virtue, one-eyed and deaf, and should not be separated from universal philanthropy save when external aggression makes a distinction between "you" and "me" a disagreeable necessity. We see enough of English patriotism in the East, and the iniquities committed in its name, to be convinced, with Dr. Johnson, that patriotism is often but the last refuge of scoundrels. I consider it a privilege that, through good and evil, our lot has been cast, our interests united, with those of the working-men of England and the Western proletariat, one with us in suffering, and the pioneers of social reorganization upon the basis of facts. Since the days of Buddha, India has held her life in suspense, waiting for that new world, without illusions, in which ideals and facts shall harmonize, justice shall be seen, and love realized; and she has not waited in vain. For there has already begun the last heavenward movement of mankind, in which all distinctions will die, all sentiments combine, and the heathen of the past will reach his *nirvana*, the wandering Jew will find a rest. Thoughtful men all over the world are beginning to see the *fact* of the solidarity, the oneness, of the human race, which will yet save society when the metaphysical, unrealizable *idea* of brotherhood shall have proved powerless against the ravages of individualism. None but the willfully perverse can much longer deny that, flowing from that common humanity which has worked and suffered everywhere and in all times to continue life and civilization, the right to live, the right to work, and the holy right to serve their fellow-beings are the common heritage and possession of all. The writer, particularly, can hold up his heart, having lived in this land where all nations meet, this nursery of hopes, where the cheery breeze wafts from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again strains sweeter than ever were sung by the Æolian harp, "Broad is this earth, gracious is nature, there is room enough for all the children of men."

I am convinced, however, that the English Parliament, as it is now constituted, will not do anything for India. It has not even tried to since the days of Burke. We have been disappointed by it at every turn. It is a Parliament of idlers and snobs,

with whom party gain and a mock prestige are more objects than statesmanship and the good of the people. Whig and Tory are but the reverse and obverse of the same counterfeit coin. There is little choice between Whig cant and Tory dullness. The people of India have been treated by both parties like a flock of sheep—now fleeced by Tory Jingoism, now emasculated by Whig free trade, while fortunate Anglo-Indians keep on saying grace as they dine on the juicy mutton.

Come from a civilization of the past, ready to accept the civilization of the future, we have one appeal to make to the free citizens of this New World, whose life began in a protest against the oppression of which we to-day are the victims. The people of India are bearing their ills patiently in the single hope that injustice and cruelty cannot long rule the fortunes of a nation. Their rulers heed not their sorrows and their wails of woe die in the winds and waves ere they could reach these distant shores. But when the time comes for them to bring their case before the verdict of nations, let us hope that the American people, at least, will not let considerations of race, language or commerce weigh against the eternal rights of man which they wrote in the Declaration of Independence.

AMRITA LAL ROY.